

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE
FREEING OF CUBA

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war and assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a waiter in the act of robbing a beautiful young lady. She thanks him for his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa, a Cuban patriot. Later he meets her at a ball. A secret spy who warns Holton that the girl is a spy. Miss La Tossa leaves for her home in Cuba. Holton is ordered to follow her. They meet on the "Panama" train. Miss La Tossa tells Holton she is a Cuban spy and expresses doubt regarding the sincerity of the United States. Holton is ordered to remain at Tampa to guard the troop transports. He saves the transports from destruction at the hands of dynamiters and reports to Admiral Sampson for further duty. Holton is sent to General Garcia's command in the guise of a newspaper correspondent to investigate Cuban plots against the American troops and to learn the plans of the Spanish navy. He detects a trusted Cuban leader in the work of fomenting trouble among the Cubans in the interests of the Spaniards. Holton is seized by friends of the spy and later ordered executed as a spy. He escapes and saves the American troops from falling into a Spanish snare. He leaves from General Garcia that the spy is Jose Cesnola, one of the most trusted leaders. Holton takes part in the battle at San Juan. Disguised as a Spanish soldier he enters Santiago, goes at night to the home of Miss La Tossa, where he overhears a discussion of the Spanish plans by leading army and navy commanders. He learns that the Spanish fleet will leave the harbor at Santiago on July 3. Holton escapes and arrives in sight of the American fleet in time to see the admiral's flagship sail away. After frantic signaling he is answered by the Brooklyn. He warns Schley of the intentions of the Spanish fleet and witnesses the destruction and capture of the enemy's vessels. Holton learns that Shafter has received a message from President McKinley declaring that the war was instituted for the sole purpose of freeing Cuba. He learns that a meeting of disaffected Cubans is to be held that night to plot against the American army. He gives Miss La Tossa the president's message. He spies on the meeting and hears Cesnola attempt to influence the Cubans against the Americans. Miss La Tossa denounces Cesnola and reads McKinley's message. Garcia and his soldiers place Cesnola under arrest. Later he is ordered executed. The Spanish forces surrender and Shafter enters Santiago.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Frightful Revelation.

Holton's ride back to the city was the most forlorn he had ever taken. In the flash of a hand he had been lowered from the heights of ecstasy to the depths of despair. A beautiful dream had been lived out, and the bitter realities of waking had come.

As he sat before his tent thinking, a man paused in front of him, holding his broad sombrero in his hand. As Holton glanced at him curiously his face lighted with recognition.

"Pierre!" he cried, rising. "What do you want?"

The Cuban nodded to him gravely. "Can you come with me, Lieutenant Holton? It is very important."

Holton, without replying, accompanied the Cuban.

The two hurried along until at length the Cuban stopped in front of a long, rambling, one-story building, evidently used at one time as a barracks for the Spanish soldiers. He leaped down and took off his shoes, motioning Holton to do likewise.

Realizing that the situation was rife with importance, the American sat down and complied without a word.

Then, rising in his stocking feet, Pierre took from his pocket a key, unlocked the door, and entered, motioning Holton to follow. After they were both inside, the Cuban closed the door and looked it, withdrawing the key and placing it in his pocket again.

"She has not arrived yet," remarked Pierre. "I am happy. I feared it would be too late."

"Too late for what? Who did you expect to find here?" whispered Holton, almost irritably.

For answer Pierre squeezed his arm and silently pointed out into the night.

Following the man's finger, Holton saw the form of a woman alighting from a pony. As his eyes strained he recognized Miss La Tossa.

By her side was a man and, as his face turned toward the building, Holton gasped and whispered hoarsely to his companion.

"Give me that key!"

"The Cuban's hand tightened on his arm like a vise.

"No—come. I am certain now the way is clear. I feared he was below. It is all right. Come."

Something in the fellow's manner made Holton's obedience implicit. Without a word he followed the man. The Cuban had lighted a candle. Following the light, Holton could see a long tunnel opening before him. In the apartment itself were several electrical appliances, and a push-button was in the wall.

Holton marveled greatly at what he was going through, but the man he had seen with Miss La Tossa was uppermost in his mind.

"I thought that fellow, Cesnola, was dead," he said tensely.

For the man with the girl was none other than that of the omnipresent and apparently immortal waiter of the New Willard.

Pierre laughed without mirth.

"The man is a devil!" he replied.

"The firing party at his execution was selected by an officer friendly to him. They shot over his head. He pretended death. Thus he escaped. General Garcia was tricked by his own men."

Holton nodded.

"But what is the meaning of all these instruments?" he asked. "And why have you brought me here?"

The man faced Holton gravely.

"This tunnel," he answered, "leads under the heart of Santiago. At short distances it is packed with dynamite. This key will release the spark that sets it off. It is the plan that the city and the American soldiers shall be blown to pieces, after which, the Cuban soldiers now gathered on the secret trail, leading into the town, will rush in and assume control."

"And Miss La Tossa?" he asked quaveringly.

"Senorita has been selected to press the button. I have brought you here to stop her. To save the city, to save the Americans, to save herself, for when that button is pressed she dies here." Pierre sank on his knees. "Oh, Mr. Holton, save her! She loves you. You love her! Save her. You can, and you alone can."

Holton struck the man on the shoulder and his voice was stern.

"I will save her," he paused. "So help me, Pierre, I will!"

The candle was blown out and the two waited in the darkness.

"But why," whispered Holton, "has Miss La Tossa volunteered for this work?"

"Because," was the reply, "the person who presses that button will never leave this place. It is intended that it shall be destroyed so that no trace of the mystery will ever be found."

Holton's heart grew sick. Undoubtedly the girl, in her blind, patriotic fury, had come forward as a martyr to give her life for the country she loved.

At the moment there was the sound of a lock turning and then the door creaked. Holton and Pierre were lying behind some wine-casks. The next instant they knew the girl was in the apartment with them.

They heard a match strike. Evidently she had lighted a lantern, for a



As His Face Turned, Holton Gasped.

soft yellow glow filled the place. And now Holton, peering through a crack between two casks, saw her.

Holton arose silently and stole to a position directly in front of the switch key. When she returned she found him there with arms folded, standing as immobile as a statue.

She did not scream. Her lips parted and she stood still, staring at him with dilated eyes. So they stood for the space of a minute. To Holton it seemed an eternity. Then she spoke.

"You!" Her voice was deep, but expressionless.

"It is I, Miss La Tossa," responded Holton.

"Why—why have you come here?"

"I have come to save you from yourself. You are in the grip of a great misunderstanding."

Before Holton's steady, compassionate gaze, the girl's eyes fell. It was as though some message from the American's heart had reached her. At any rate, her voice became more gentle.

"You must leave me, Lieutenant Holton," she resumed. "I—"

She paused, realizing what it would mean to have Holton leave her to perform her deadly task of shattering the city and its American occupants. This thought caused her to reel.

Then, as though with the flashing swiftness of lightning, she sprang toward the officer and threw one arm around his neck, the other reaching over and touching the electric button. "Now, Mr. Holton," she cried, "if you move I shall press—"

Before she could complete her sentence Holton raised his shoulder ever so slightly and her finger was thus removed at least an inch out of reach of the little knob. She tried to spring away from him, but Holton held her.

"Miss La Tossa," he began, "I came here because I love you—that is my only thought. I love you. I have loved you since I first saw you. I have spoken to you concerning the Americans as a man would speak to the woman he loves, with the whole truth in my heart. I have talked, since I saw you this morning, with scores of high officers, and I can tell you that what I have already said to you is the whole truth."

"Cuba is certainly and surely to be left to the Cubans. England, France, Germany, Italy—all great countries have been officially assured by the state department that it is to be. But first, order must be restored here and the wheels of government set going. To that end General Wood is to be appointed military governor, and in good time every single American soldier will leave this island. There is no doubt about that. Ah, Miss La Tossa, believe me! For, as God is my judge, I have spoken only the truth."

"One moment," as she essayed to speak. "Losing you is a price too great for me to pay—even when it involves saving my countrymen. No, I cannot lose you—and live. I do not wish to live. And so—you have not believed me. Every look, every word of yours tells me you regard me as a liar. So be it."

He moved away from the push-button and folded his arms.

"You are now at perfect liberty to press that button. I shall not interfere. I shall stay here and die with you. That is my wish. Life means nothing now for me."

A cry of horror broke from the girl. She stood aching, surveying the two with staring eyes. Her gaze at length fastened upon Holton, standing there, his arms folded, his broad shoulders heaving, his dark, handsome face turned to her with an expression of great tenderness.

Something in his eyes, something magnetic, the power of his great love for her, the intensity of his emotions riveted her gaze to his face.

Slowly, in spite of herself, she crept toward him, fascinated.

"Rance! How my arms have ached for you. How my heart has bled for you! Rance! Come."

With a low cry the girl sprang to him. In his powerful arms he caught her. She looked up at him and kissed him. Her hands caressed his face. She drew his head down once more to her lips.

And thus in the darkness, with potential death all about, love, the conqueror, triumphed.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Day of Peace.

Ten minutes, perhaps, had elapsed when Pierre, who had thoughtfully wandered away down the tunnel, reappeared with a warning "Ahem!"

Holton, exalted to the seventh heaven of happiness, glanced at Pierre, and then striding to the Cuban, he seized him by the arm and led him forcibly into the tunnel again.

"Now then, Pierre," he laughed, "you stay here until I call, or I'll set you down on some of this dynamite and press the button."

So saying, he returned to Miss La Tossa and gave such an account of himself as a young man very much in love with a beautiful young woman may be expected to give.

A little later they made their way out of the building. Her pony was still standing where she had hitched it, but Cesnola and his horse were gone. At least, Holton assumed that Cesnola had gone from the fact that his horse had departed.

As they walked to the girl's pony, though, Holton, with a sudden exclamation, leaped forward. There, almost at his feet, lay the body of a man. The girl saw it almost at the same instant.

"What is it?" she asked tremulously.

"A man," was the solemn reply.

Holton lighted a match and bent over the body. Then he straightened up as though he had been struck in the face.

"It is Cesnola!" he whispered breathlessly.

"Cesnola!" She bent down until her

face was close to the dead man, and her hand, reaching out, came in contact with a knife. This she withdrew, and, standing up, trembling, she held it toward Holton.

"You must get rid of this!" she cried.

"Rid of it? Why?"

"Because it is Pierre's knife."

In a flash Holton saw it all. Pierre, coming out had seen the spy waiting for the explosion. Filled with hatred for the man who had led his beloved Rance into this situation, he had promptly paid off the score.

"Give me the knife," Holton wrapped the thing in his handkerchief, and in good season contrived to place it where it would never be found, which is getting a bit ahead of the story.

In the meantime the two wended their way toward headquarters. Holton leading the horse, the girl walking very close to his side. The recent ordeal, coupled with the discovery of the body of Cesnola, had unnerved her, and occasionally a dry sob broke from her lips.

Holton decided that, more than anything else, she needed lights, good



With a Low Cry the Girl Sprang to Him.

cheer, and good food. So they went to the Venus restaurant, and there, amid all the brilliancy of its military patrons, the blushes returned to the girl's cheeks and the laughter to her lips.

After their meal Holton and the girl set out for the La Tossa estate, the girl on her pony and Holton on a horse he borrowed from one of the general's aides.

When they reached the estate it was nearly midnight. Rance was delighted to find awaiting her a message from her father in Havana, assuring her that he was well, and that through force of circumstances he would remain in that city until the result of the present campaign was determined.

The girl wept over the letter as she handed it to Holton.

"Poor, dear father!" she cried. "I trust he is happy—as happy as—as..." Holton crushed her to his breast.

As to the war, but little remained.

The fleet of Cervera had been wiped out, and thus shorn of sea power, there was really little use in resistance on land. So it came about that peace was agreed upon by commissioners of the two countries.

It was on this day that Holton, with a long leave of absence, and many flattering official papers in his luggage, stood on the deck of a great transatlantic liner, looking down upon the crowd assembled on pier and bulkhead to wave farewell and Godspeed to friends and relatives who were hurrying to the continent to spend the last brilliant days of the waning summer away from the scenes of bloodshed and disease.

Close by his side, with her arm tightly locked in his, was a girl so radiant that she attracted the attention of everyone who passed the little group. She had just kissed her father good-by and he was turning to leave the ship.

"And you, Thomas," he said, "will not be selfish. You will let my daughter come to me on the estate frequently."

"As frequently as she wishes," laughed Holton, "when I am doing my two years' sea service."

The father laughed and waved good-by. But just before the ship sailed they made out his figure dashing to the end of the bulkhead.

"Father!" cried the girl, "what is it?"

Senor La Tossa held aloft an evening newspaper.

"Peace!" he cried. "Peace has been declared."

"She turned to Holton.

"Peace," she smiled.

Holton pressed her arm.

"Was there ever anything but peace

anywhere in all the world?" he whispered.

[THE END]

And six feet of bathtub makes most of us equal.

If you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

It All Depends.

"I see by the papers," remarked Miss Gidygurl, "that pugilists fight in a ring. What kind of a ring is it?"

"For sparring an engagement ring is used," explained the old bachelor, "but when it is to be a fight to a finish a wedding ring is used, I believe."

The Horrors of War.

"I have just been reading a story of hardship and suffering endured by a British soldier that drew tears from my eyes."

"Tell me what happened to the poor fellow."

"For three days he was cut off from his comrades without so much as a grain of tobacco."

Instant Alarm.

"What made you turn around and walk out of that hotel?" asked the man who was carrying the big valise.

"To expensive," replied his companion.

"How do you know? You never once asked for the rates."

"Didn't have to. Didn't you see the potato they had on the desk to stick the pens in?"

"Of course I seen it."

"Well, that's enough for me. Any landlord that kin afford to throw potatoes around that way has too extravagant ideas for us."

Scarcity of Canary Birds.

Canary birds will soon be worth their weight in gold, according to dealers, who declare that the war has cut off the usual source of supply—the Harz mountain in Germany—and that not one of the little feathered songsters had been received in this country, except a few from Japan, since the beginning of hostilities. Formerly as many as 10,000 canary birds were received in New York from Germany in a week, and the best of them could be bought for 75 cents to \$1. Now, however, the stock of many of the principal bird stores in New York has been exhausted and the few birds on hand are bringing from \$8 to \$15 each with the price going up as the supplies lessen.

His Bones Gave Way.

Eighteen hours under 25 feet of stone and dirt proved too much for the bones of William Chapman of Wheat Sheaf, Pa., the other day. Chapman was caught near the bottom of the well he was cleaning out on his place, when the walls collapsed when he started to climb out. The stones arched over his head and held back the dirt. He was able to talk with his rescuers through the pump log. He conversed with his wife and children through the tube, but when the last earth was taken from his head and the men started pumping oxygen into his lungs, he collapsed. It was found his bones had given way under the strain.

The only sure thing about a sure cure for anything is that it isn't.

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.